

SACRED SONGS  
AND SOLOS  

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SUNG BY I. D. SANKEY

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SACRED  
SONGS AND SOLOS.

ENLARGED EDITION.

SUNG BY  
IRA D. SANKEY,  
At Gospel Meetings.



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## PREFACE.

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IN compliance with the urgent requests of many friends, we have enlarged our Collection of SACRED SONGS AND SOLOS, which, with an Edition of WORDS WITHOUT MUSIC, will be the only book used in our Special Services.

In this enlarged Edition will be found many of the old favourite hymns, together with such new ones as have been specially blessed during the months which have elapsed since SACRED SONGS AND SOLOS first appeared. In addition to these will be found a small Selection of Standard Hymns.

With the earnest hope that the blessing of the Lord may continue to accompany the Singing of these SACRED SONGS, we send them forth on their joyful mission to tell of Jesus and His love.

*Geo. D. Sankey*



## SACRED SONGS AND SOLOS.

## Hold the Fort.

No. 1.

"That which ye have hold fast till I come."—REV. ii. 25.

1. Ho! my comrades, see the sig - nal Wav - ing in the sky!  
2. See the migh - ty host ad - vanc - ing, Sa - tan lead - ing on:

Re - in - force - ments now ap - pear - ing, Vic - to - ry is nigh!  
Migh - ty men a - round us fall - ing, Cou - rage al - most gone!

## CHORUS.

"Hold the fort, for } I am com - ing," Je - sus sig - nals still,  
"Hold the fort, for }

Wave the an - swer back to Hea - ven,—"By Thy grace we will."

3. See the glorious banner waving!  
Hear the trumpet blow!  
In our Leader's name we'll triumph  
Over every foe!

4. Fierce and long the battle rages,  
But our help is near;  
Onward comes our great Commander,  
Cheer, my comrades, cheer!

## No. 2. The Gate Ajar for Me.

"The gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there."—REV. xxi. 25.

1. There is a gate that stands a-jar, And through its por-tals gleaming,

A ra-diance from the Cross a-far, The Sa-viour's love re-veal-ing.

### REFRAIN.

Oh, depth of mer-cy! can it be That gate was left a-jar for me?

For me, . . . for me? . . . Was left a-jar for me?

For me,

for me?

2. That gate ajar stands free for all  
Who seek through it salvation;  
The rich and poor, the great and small,  
Of every tribe and nation.  
Oh, depth, &c.

3. Press onward then, though foes may  
While mercy's gate is open; [frown,  
Accept the cross, and win the crown,  
Love's everlasting token.  
Oh, depth, &c.

4. Beyond the river's brink we'll lay  
The cross that here is given,  
And bear the crown of life away,  
And love Him more in heaven.  
Oh, depth, &c.



## No. 3.

## Jesus Loves Even Me.

"God is love."—I JOHN iv. 8.

I. { I am so glad that our Fa-ther in heaven Tells of His love in the  
Won-der-ful things in the Bi-ble I see; This is the dear-est, that

CHORUS.

Book He has given, } I am so glad that Je - sus loves me,  
Je - sus loves me. }

1st time. 2nd time.  
Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, e - ven me.....

2. Though I forget Him and wander away,  
Still He doth love me wherever I stray;  
Back to His dear loving arms do I flee.  
When I remember that Jesus loves me.  
I am so glad, &c.
3. Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,  
When in His beauty I see the great King,  
This shall my song in eternity be,  
"Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me!"  
I am so glad, &c.
4. Jesus loves me, and I know I love Him,  
Love brought Him down my poor soul to  
redeem;  
Yes, it was love made Him die on the tree,  
Oh, I am certain that Jesus loves me.  
I am so glad, &c.
5. If one should ask of me, how can I tell;  
Glory to Jesus, I know very well:  
God's Holy Spirit with mine doth agree,  
Constantly witnessing—Jesus loves me.  
I am so glad, &c.
6. In this assurance I find sweetest rest,  
Trusting in Jesus, I know I am blest;  
Satan, dismayed, from my soul now doth flee,  
When I just tell him that Jesus loves me.  
I am so glad, &c.

# No. 4. Go Work in my Vineyard.

*In moderate time.* "Go work to-day in my vineyard."—MATT. xxi. 28.

1. "Go work in my vineyard," There's plen-ty to do, The har-vest is great and the

lab'-rers are few; There's weed-ing, and fenc-ing, and clear-ing of roots, And I've sheep to be tend-ed, and lambs to be fed, The

plough-ing, and sow-ing, and gath'ring the fruits. There are fox-es to take, there are lost must be ga-thered, the wea-ry ones led.

wolves to de-stroy, All a-ges and ranks I can ful-ly em-ploy. Go

*D.S.* CHORUS.

work, . . . go work, . . . work in my vine-yard, go work in my vine-yard, go work in my vine-yard; there's

## No. 4—continued.

## GO WORK IN MY VINEYARD—continued.

work, go, work,

plenty to do, Go work, work, work, work, The harvest is great and the lab'ers are few.

2. "Go work in my vineyard." I claim thee as mine,  
With blood did I buy thee, and all that is thine;  
Thy time and thy talents, thy loftiest powers,  
Thy warmest affections, thy sunniest hours.  
I willingly yielded my kingdom for thee,  
The song of archangels—to hang on the tree;  
In pain and temptation, in anguish and shame,  
I paid thy full ransom; my purchase I claim.

3. "Go work in my vineyard;" oh, "work while 'tis day,"  
The bright hours of sunshine are hastening away;  
And night's gloomy shadows are gathering fast,  
Then the time for our labour shall ever be past.  
Begin in the morning, and toil all the day,  
Thy strength I'll supply and thy wages I'll pay;  
And blessed, thrice blessed the diligent few,  
Who finish the labour I've given them to do.

## No. 5. Bury thy Sorrow.

"They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—ISAIAH xxxv. 10.

I. Go bu-ry thy sor-row, The world hath its share; . . .

Go bu-ry it deep-ly, Go hide it with care. . . Go think of it calm-ly.

*rit.*

When curtain'd by night, Go tell it to Je-sus, And all will be right.

2. Go tell it to Jesus,  
He knoweth thy grief;  
Go tell it to Jesus,  
He'll send thee relief:  
Go gather the sunshine  
He sheds on the way;  
He'll lighten thy burden—  
Go, weary one, pray.

3. Hearts growing a-weary  
With heavier woe  
Now droop 'mid the darkness—  
Go comfort them, go!  
Go bury thy sorrows,  
Let others be blest;  
Go give them the sunshine,  
Tell Jesus the rest.



# No. 6. In the Presence of the King.\*

"In Thy presence is fulness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."—  
*Moderato.* PSALM xvi. 12.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The score includes dynamic markings such as *f*, *p*, and *cres.*, and performance instructions like *rit.* and *tempo.* The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

1. Oh to be o - ver yon - der, In that land of won - der, Where the  
 an - gel voi - ces min - gle, And the an - gel har - pers ring ; To be  
 free from pain and sor - row, And the an - xious dread to - mor - row, To  
 rest in light and sun - shine In the pre - sence of the King.

2. Oh to be over yonder!  
 My yearning heart grows fonder  
 Of looking to the east, to see the day-star  
 bring  
 Some tidings of the waking,  
 The cloudless, pure day breaking.  
 My heart is yearning—yearning for the  
 coming of the King.

3. Oh to be over yonder!  
 Alas! I sigh and wonder  
 Why clings my poor weak heart to any  
 earthly thing?  
 Each tie of earth must sever,  
 And pass away for ever;  
 But there's no more separation in the  
 presence of the King.

4. Oh, when shall I be dwelling  
 Where the angel voices, swelling  
 In triumphant hallelujahs, make the  
 vaulted heavens ring? [ing,  
 Where the pearly gates are gleam-  
 And the morning star is beaming?  
 Oh, when shall I be yonder in the  
 presence of the King?

5. Oh, when shall I be yonder?  
 The longing groweth stronger  
 To join in all the praises the redeemed  
 ones do sing;  
 Within those heavenly places,  
 Where the angels veil their faces,  
 In awe and adoration in the presence of  
 the King.

\* By special permission. From the Book of Poems by Miss ARMSTRONG, entitled, "The King in His Beauty."

IN THE PRESENCE OF THE KING—*continued.*

6. Oh I shall soon be yonder,  
 All lonely as I wander,  
 Yearning for the welcome summer—longing for the birds' fleet wing,  
 The midnight may be dreary,  
 And the heart be worn and weary,  
 But there's no more shadow yonder in the presence of the King.

No. 7.

Daniel's Band.

"But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank."—DANIEL i. 8.

"So Daniel was taken up out of the den, and no manner of hurt was found upon him, because he believed in his God.—DANIEL vi. 23.

1. Stand-ing by a pur- pose true, Heed-ing God's com-mand,  
 2. Ma- ny migh-ty men are lost, Dar- ing not to stand,

Hon-our them, the faith-ful few, All hail to Dan-iel's Band!  
 Who for God had been a host By join-ing Dan-iel's Band!

CHORUS.

Dare to be a Daniel! Dare to stand alone! Dare to have a purpose-firm, Dare to make it known.

3.  
 Many giants great and tall,  
 Stalking through the land,  
 Headlong to the earth would fall,  
 If met by Daniel's band.

4.  
 Hold the gospel banner high!  
 On to victory grand!  
 Satan and his host defy,  
 And shout for Daniel's band.

## No. 8.

## "More to Follow."

1. Have you on the Lord believed? Still there's more to fol low; Of His grace have  
 2. Have you felt the Sa-viour near? Still there's more to fol-low; Does His bless-ed  
 3. Have you felt the Spi-rit's power? Still there's more to fol-low; Fall-ing like the

you received? Still there's more to fol-low; Oh, the grace the Fa-ther shows! Still there's more to  
 pre-ence cheer? Still there's more to fol-low; Oh, the love that Je-sus shows! Still there's more to  
 gen-tle shower? Still there's more to fol-low; Oh, the pow'r the Spi-rit's shows! Still there's more to

fol-low, Free-ly He His grace be-stows, Still there's more to fol-low.  
 fol-low, Free-ly He His love be-stows, Still there's more to fol-low.  
 fol-low, Free-ly He His power be-stows, Still there's more to fol-low.

CHORUS.  
 More and more, more and more, Al-ways more to fol-low,

Oh, His match-less, bound-less love! Still there's more to fol-low.



## No. 9.

## Sweet By and By.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared for them that love Him."—1 COR. ii. 9.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a

- far, For the Fa-ther waits o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a dwelling-place there.

## CHORUS.

In the sweet by and by, We shall  
by and by, In the sweet by and by

*In the repeat dim. gradually to the end.*

meet on that beau - ti - ful shore, In the sweet by and  
by and by, by and by, In the

by We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.  
sweet by and by.

2. We shall sing on that beautiful shore  
The melodious songs of the blest;  
And our spirits shall sorrow no more—  
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

3. To our bountiful Father above  
We will offer the tribute of praise  
For the glorious gift of His love,  
And the blessings that hallow our days.

# I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."—MATTH. xi. 28.

1. I hear Thy welcome voice That calls me, Lord, to Thee For  
2. Though com-ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as - sure ; Thou

cleans - ing in Thy pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.  
dost my vile - ness ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure.

CHORUS.

I am com - ing, Lord ! Com - ing now to Thee !

Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.

3. 'Tis Jesus calls me on  
To perfect faith and love,  
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,  
For earth and heaven above.

4. 'Tis Jesus who confirms  
The blessed work within,  
By adding grace to welcomed grace,  
Where reigned the power of sin.

5. And He the witness gives  
To loyal hearts and free,  
That every promise is fulfilled,  
If faith but brings the plea.

6. All hail, atoning blood !  
All hail, redeeming grace !  
All hail, the Gift of Christ, our Lord,  
Our Strength and Righteousness !

## No. 11.

## Once for all.

"Justified freely by His grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus."—ROMANS iii. 24.

1. Free from the law, oh, hap - py con - di tion, Je - sus hath  
 2. Now are we free— there's no con - dem - na - tion, Je - sus pro -  
 3. "Chil-dren of God," oh, glo - ri - ous call - ing, Sure - ly His

bled, and *there* is re - mis - sion; Cursed by the law and bruised by the  
 - vides a per - fect sal - va - tion; "Come un - to *Me*," oh, hear His sweet  
 grace will keep us from fall - ing; Pass - ing from death to life at His

CHORUS.

fall, Grace hath re-deemed us once for all.  
 call, Come, and He saves us once for all. } Once for all, oh, sin-ner re -  
 call, Bless-ed sal - va - tion once for all.

- - ceive it, Once for all, oh, bro - ther, be - lieve it; Cling to the

Cross, the bur - den will fall, Christ hath re - deemed us once for all.



## No. 12. Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

"God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labour of love."—HEBREWS vi. 10.

1. Let us ga-ther up the sunbeams, Ly-ing all a-round our path; Let us  
2. Strange, we ne-ver prize the mu-sic Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown! Strange, that

keep the wheat and ro-ses, Cast-ing out the thorns and chaff; Let us find our sweetest  
we should slight the violets, Till the love-ly flowers are gone! Strange, that summer skies and

comfort In the blessings of to-day, With a pa-tient hand re-moving All the  
sunshine Ne-ver seem one-half so fair, As when win-ter's snow-y pinions Shake the

## CHORUS.

bri-ars from the way. Then scatter seeds of kindness, Then scatter seeds of  
white down in the air. Then scatter seeds of kindness, Then scatter seeds of

kindness, Then scat-ter seeds of kindness, For our reap-ing by and by,  
kindness, Then scat-ter seeds of kindness, For our reap-ing by and by,

*ad lib.*

SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS—Concluded.

3. If we knew the baby fingers,  
 Pressed against the window pane,  
 Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—  
 Never trouble us again—  
 Would the bright eyes of our darling  
 Catch the frown upon our brow?  
 Would the prints of rosy fingers  
 Vex us then as they do now!

4. Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,  
 How they point our memories back  
 To the hasty words and actions  
 Strewn along our backward track!  
 How those little hands remind us,  
 As in snowy grace they lie,  
 Not to scatter thorns—but roses—  
 For our reaping by-and-by!

No. 13:

The Prodigal Child.

"I will arise, and go to my father."—LUKE xv. 18.

1. Come home! come home! You are wea - ry at heart, For the way has been  
 2. Come home! come home! For we watch and we wait, And we stand at the

dark, And so lone - ly and wild. O pro - di-gal child! Come  
 gate, While the sha- dows are piled. O pro - di-gal child! Come

home! oh come home! Come home! Come, oh come home!  
 home! oh come home! Come, home! Come, oh come home, come home!

Come home, come home!

3. Come home! come home!  
 From the sorrow and blame,  
 From the sin and the shame,  
 And the tempter that smiled:  
 O prodigal child!  
 Come home, oh come home!

4. Come home! come home!  
 There is bread and to spare,  
 And a warm welcome there,  
 Then, to friends reconciled,  
 O prodigal child!  
 Come home, oh, come home!

# Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

"The love of Christ which passeth knowledge."—EPH. iii. 19.

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1. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of  
2. Tell me the Sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in - That

Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. Tell me the Sto - ry  
won - der - ful re - demp - tion, God's re - me - dy for sin. Tell me the Sto - ry

sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wea - ry, And  
of - ten, For I for - get so soon, The "ear - ly dew" of morn - ing Has

## CHORUS.

help - less and de - filed. } Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old  
passed a - way at noon. }

Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.



No. 14—*continued.*TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY—*continued.*

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>3. Tell me the story softly,<br/>With earnest tones, and grave;<br/>Remember! I'm the sinner<br/>Whom Jesus came to save.<br/>Tell me that story always,<br/>If you would really be,<br/>In any time of trouble,<br/>A comforter to me.</p> | <p>4. Tell me the same old story,<br/>When you have cause to fear<br/>That this world's empty glory<br/>Is costing me too dear.<br/>Yes, and when <i>that</i> world's glory<br/>Is dawning on my soul,<br/>Tell me the old, old story:<br/>"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."</p> |
|--|---|

## No. 15.

## Stand up for Jesus.

"I will declare what He hath done for my soul."—PSALM lxxvi. 16.

1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross!  
2. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! The trum - pet call o - bey;

8. Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:  
D.S. Till ev' - ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.  
Forth to the migh - ty con - flict In this His glo - rious day:  
D.S. Let cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op - pose.

D.S. 8.  
From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall be led,  
Ye that are men now serve Him, A - gainst un - numbered foes;

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>3. Stand up! stand up for Jesus!<br/>Stand in His strength alone;<br/>The arm of flesh will fail you,<br/>Ye dare not trust your own.<br/>Put on the gospel armour,<br/>And, watching unto prayer,<br/>Where duty calls, or danger,<br/>Be never wanting there.</p> | <p>3. Stand up! stand up for Jesus!<br/>The strife will not be long;<br/>This day the noise of battle,<br/>The next the victor's song.<br/>To him that overcometh<br/>A crown of life shall be;<br/>He with the King of glory<br/>Shall reign eternally.</p> |
|--|--|

## No. 16.

## Come to the Saviour.

"Make a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands."—PSALM lxxi. 1.

*Earnestly.*

I. Come to the Sa-viour, make no de-lay; Here in His word He's

shown us the way; Here in our mi-ast He's standing to-day, Tenderly saying, "Come!"

CHORUS.

Joy-ful, joy-ful will the meeting be, When from sin our hearts are pure and free;

And we shall gather, Sa-viour, with Thee, In our e-ter-nal home.

2. "Suffer the children!" Oh, hear His voice,  
Let ev'ry heart leap forth and rejoice,  
And let us freely make Him our choice;  
Do not delay, but come.

3. Think once again, He's with us to-day;  
Heed now His blest commands, and obey;  
Hear now His accents tenderly say,  
"Will you, my children, come?"

## No. 17.

## Jewels.

"And they shall be Mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."—  
MALACHI iii. 17.

*Moderato.*

1. When He com - eth, when He com - eth To make up His

jew-els. All His jew-els, precious jew-els, His loved and His own,

CHORUS.

like the stars of the morn - ing, His bright crown a -

dorn - ing. They shall shine in their beau - ty, Bright gems for His crown.

2. He will gather, He will gather  
The gems for His kingdom :  
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,  
His loved and His own.

3. Little children, little children,  
Who love their Redeemer.  
Are the jewels, precious jewels,  
His loved and His own.

# No. 18. Here Am I, Send Me.

"I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me."—ISAIAH vi. 8.

1. Hark the voice of Je - sus cry-ing, Who will go and work to-day? Fields are

white and har-vest wait-ing; Who will bear the sheaves a-way? Loud and

strong the Mas-ter call-eth, Rich re-ward He of-fers thee; Who will

answer, glad-ly say-ing, "Here am I, send me, send me, Here am I, send me, send me!"

2. If you cannot cross the ocean,  
And the heathen lands explore,  
You can find the heathen nearer,  
You can help them at your door.  
If you cannot give your thousands,  
You can give the widow's mite;  
And the least you do for Jesus,  
Will be precious in His sight.
3. If you cannot speak like angels,  
If you cannot preach like Paul,  
You can tell the love of Jesus,  
You can say He died for all.

- If you cannot rouse the wicked  
With the judgment's dread alarms,  
You can lead the little children  
To the Saviour's waiting arms.
4. If you cannot be the watchman,  
Standing high on Zion's wall,  
Pointing out the path to heaven,  
Offering life and peace to all;  
With your prayers and with your bounties  
You can do what heaven demands;  
You can be like faithful Aaron,  
Holding up the prophet's hands.



No. 18—*continued.*HERE AM I, SEND ME—*continued.*

5. If among the older people  
 You may not be apt to teach ;  
 "Feed my lambs," said Christ our Shepherd,  
 "Place the food within their reach."  
 And it may be that the children,  
 You have led with trembling hand,  
 Will be found among your jewels,  
 When you reach the better land.

6. Let none hear you idly saying,  
 "There is nothing I can do,"  
 While the souls of men are dying,  
 And the Master calls for you.  
 Take the task He gives you gladly,  
 Let His work your pleasure be ;  
 Answer quickly when He calleth,—  
 "Here am I, send me, send me !"

## No. 19.

## Knocking, Knocking, Who Is There?

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock, if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him, and he with Me."—Rev. iii. 20.

*With feeling.*

1. Knocking, knocking, who is there? Waiting, waiting, oh, how fair!

'Tis a Pil - grim, strange and king - ly, Ne - ver such was seen be - fore.

Ah! my soul, for such a won - der, Wilt thou not un - do the door?

2. Knocking, knocking, still He's there,  
 Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair ;  
 But the door is hard to open,  
 For the weeds and ivy-vine,  
 With their dark and clinging tendrils,  
 Ever round the hinges twine.

3. Knocking, knocking—what still there?  
 Waiting, waiting, grand and fair ;  
 Yes, the pierced hand still knocketh,  
 And beneath the crowned hair  
 Beam the patient eyes, so tender,  
 Of thy Saviour, waiting there.

## No. 20. Jesus of Nazareth Passeth by.

"He heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth."—MARK x. 47.

1st time 2nd time.

I. { What means this eager, anxious throng, Which moves with busy haste along— }  
 { These wondrous gatherings day by day? What means this strange com - - } motion, pray ?

In accents hush'd the throng reply: "Je-sus of Na-za-reth passeth by."

In accents hush'd the throng reply: "Je-sus of Na-za-reth passeth by."

2. Who is this Jesus? Why should He  
 The city move so mightily?  
 A passing stranger, has He skill  
 To move the multitude at will?  
 Again the stirring notes reply:  
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

3. Jesus! 'tis He who once below  
 Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;  
 And burdened ones, where'er He came,  
 Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame.  
 The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:  
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4. Again He comes! From place to place  
 His holy footprints we can trace.  
 He pauseth at our threshold—nay,  
 He enters—condescends to stay.  
 Shall we not gladly raise the cry?—  
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

5. Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come!  
 Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home.  
 Ye wanderers from a Father's face,  
 Return, accept His proffered grace.  
 Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh:  
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

6. But if you still this call refuse,  
 And all His wondrous love abuse,  
 Soon will He sadly from you turn,  
 Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.  
 "Too late! too late!" will be the cry—  
 "Jesus of Nazareth has passed by."



# No. 21. The Lord will Provide.

"The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger : but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing."—PSALM xxxiv. 10.

1. In some way or o - ther the Lord will pro - vide : It

may not be *my* way, It may not be *thy* way ; And

yet, in His *own* way, "The Lord will pro - vide."

2.

At some time or other the Lord will provide :  
 It may not be *my* time,  
 It may not be *thy* time,  
 And yet, in His *own* time,  
 "The Lord will provide."

3.

Despond then no longer ; the Lord will provide ;  
 And this be the token—  
 No word He hath spoken  
 Was ever yet broken :  
 "The Lord will provide."

4.

March on then right boldly ; the sea shall divide ;  
 The pathway made glorious,  
 With shoutings victorious,  
 We'll join in the chorus,  
 "The Lord will provide."

## No. 22.

## When Jesus Comes.

"Unto them that look for Him shall He appear again the second time, without sin, unto salvation."—HEBREWS ix. 28.

1. Down life's dark vale we wander, Till Jesus comes; We watch and wait and wonder,  
Oh, let my lamp be burning When Jesus comes; For Him my soul be yearning,

## CHORUS.

Till Je - sus comes. } All joy His loved ones bringing, When Je - sus comes :  
When Je - sus comes. }

All praise thro' heaven ringing, When Jesus comes. All beauty bright and vernal,

When Je - sus comes; All glo - ry, grand, e - ter - nal, When Je - sus comes.

2. No more heart-pangs nor sadness,  
When Jesus comes;  
All peace and joy and gladness,  
When Jesus comes.  
All doubts and fears will vanish,  
When Jesus comes;  
All gloom His face will banish,  
When Jesus comes.

3. He'll know the way was dreary,  
When Jesus comes;  
He'll know the feet grew weary,  
When Jesus comes.  
He'll know what griefs oppressed me,  
When Jesus comes;  
Oh, how His arm' will rest me!  
When Jesus comes.

## No. 23. That will be Heaven for Me.

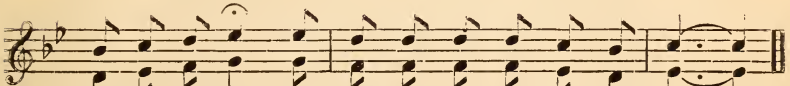
"We know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is.—  
1 JOHN iv. 2.



1. I know not the hour when my Lord will come To  
2. I know not the song that the an - gels sing, I  
3. I know not the form of my man - sion fair, I



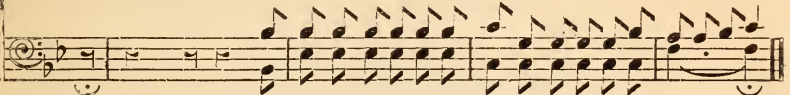
take me a - way to His own dear home; But I know that His presence will  
know not the sound of the harps' glad ring; But I know there'll be mention of  
know not the name that I then shall bear; But I know that my Saviour will



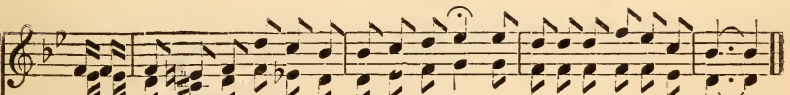
light - en the gloom, And that will be glo - ry for me.  
Je - sus our King, And that will be mu - sic for me.  
wel - come me there, And that will be hea - ven for me.



And that will be glory for me;..... Oh, that will be glory for me;.....  
And that will be music for me;..... Oh, that will be music for me;.....  
And that will be heaven for me;..... Oh, that will be heaven for me;.....



Yes, that will be glory, oh, that will be glory for me;.....  
Yes, that will be music, oh, that will be music for me;.....  
Yes, that will be heaven. oh. that will be heaven for me;.....



But I know that His presence will lighten the gloom, And that will be glory for me.  
But I know there'll be mention of Je - sus our King, And that will be music for me.  
But I know that my Saviour will welcome me there, And that will be heaven for me.



## No. 24.

## "Whosoever Will."

"Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."—Rev. xxii. 17.

*Joyfully.*

1. "Who-so-e-ver hearth," shout, shout the sound ! Send the blessed tid - ings
2. Who-so-e-ver com-eth need not de-lay, Now the door is o - pen,
3. "Who-so-e-ver will" the promise is se-cure ; "Whoso-e-ver will" for

all the world a-round ; Spread the joy-ful news wher-e-e-ver man is found :  
en-ter while you may ; Je-sus is the truc, the on-ly liv-ing way :  
e-e-ver must en-dure ; "Who-so-e-ver will," 'tis life for e-vermore :

## CHORUS.

"Who-so-e-ver will may come." "Who-so-e-ver will, who-so-e-ver will,"

Send the pro-cla-ma-tion o-ver vale and hill ; 'Tis a lov-ing

Fa-ther calls the wand'rer home : "Whoso-e-ver will may come."



# No. 25. Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

"Underneath are the everlasting arms."—DEUT. xxxiii. 27.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,  
 Chorus. Safe in the arms of Je - - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,

There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.  
 There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.

*rit.* *End*

Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me, . . .

O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea. . . .

*D.C. Chorus,*

2. Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
 Safe from corrod'g care,  
 Safe from the world's temptations,  
 Sin cannot harm me there.  
 Free from the blight of sorrow,  
 Free from my doubts and fears;  
 Only a few more trials,  
 Only a few more tears!

3. Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,  
 Jesus has died for me;  
 Firm on the Rock of Ages  
 Ever my trust shall be.  
 Here let me wait with patience,  
 Wait till the night is o'er;  
 Wait till I see the morning  
 Break on the golden shore.

## No. 26.

## There's a Light in the Valley.

"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me: Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me." PSALM xxiii. 4.

1. Through the val-ley of the sha-dow I must go, Where the  
2. Now the rol-ling of the bil-lows I can hear, As they

gold waves of Jor-dan roll; But the pro-mise of my Shepherd will, I  
beat on the surf-bound shore; But the bea-con light of love so bright and

*Slower.*  
know, Be the rod and the staff to my soul Ev-en  
clear Guides my bark, frail and lone, safe-ly o'er. I shall

now, down the val-ley as I glide, I can hear my Saviour say, "Fol-low  
find down the val-ley no a-larms, For my Saviour's blessed smile I can



*a tempo.*

Me! " see; And with Him I'm not a - fraid to cross the  
He will bear me in His lov - ing, migh - ty

side, There's a light in the val - ley for me.  
arms, There's a light in the val - ley for me.

CHORUS.

There's a light in the val-ley, There's a light in the val-ley, There's a

light in the valley for me, . . . And no e - vil will I fear while my  
For me,

Shepherd is so near, There's a light in the val - ley for me, for me.

*Repeat pp*

## No. 27.

## The Eden Above.

*Andante.*

"In the midst of the Paradise of God."—Rev. ii. 7.

1. We shall meet in the E - den a - bove, In that

beau - ti - ful land of the blest; All our shall  
D.S.

tri - al and pain will be o'er, When we  
rest e - ver-more in His love, In that

CHORUS. *Repeat softly.*

en - ter that man-sion of rest. In the E - - - den a  
beau - ti - ful E - den a - bove. In the beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful

bove, In the E - den a - bove.  
E - den a - bove, In the beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful E - den a - bove.  
D.S.

2. When we meet in the Eden above,  
When we enter that blissful abode,  
All the good who have passed on before  
We shall meet in the city of God.

3. The saints of all ages are there,  
The prophets and martyrs of old,  
The children whose voices on earth are  
Now sing in that city of gold. [still

No. 28. **I Left it all with Jesus.**

*Moderato.*

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of five systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The lyrics are: 'I left it all with Je - sus Long a - go; All my sins I brought Him. And my woe When by faith I saw Him On the tree, Heard His small still whis - per, 'Tis for thee. From my heart the bur - den Rolled a - way— Hap - py day! From my heart the bur - den Rolled a - way— Hap - py day!' The score includes dynamic markings such as 'f' (forte) and 'cres.' (crescendo), and a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking at the end of the final system.

*f* I left it all with Je - sus Long a - go; All my sins I brought Him. And my woe When by faith I saw Him On the tree, Heard His small still whis - per, 'Tis for thee. From my heart the bur - den Rolled a - way— Hap - py day! From my heart the bur - den Rolled a - way— Hap - py day!

- |  |   |   |
|--|---|---|
| <p>2. I leave it all with Jesus,<br/>For He knows<br/>How to steal the bitter<br/>From life's woes;<br/>How to gild the tear-drop<br/>With His smile,<br/>Make the desert garden<br/>Bloom awhile;<br/>When my weakness<br/>leaneth<br/>On His might,<br/>All seems light.</p> | <p>3. I leave it all with Jesus<br/>Day by day;<br/>Faith can firmly trust Him<br/>Come what may—<br/>Hope has dropped her<br/>anchor,<br/>Found her rest<br/>In the calm, sure haven<br/>Of His breast:<br/>Love esteems it heaven<br/>To abide<br/>At His side.</p> | <p>4. Oh, leave it <i>all</i> with Jesus,<br/>Drooping soul!<br/>Tell not <i>half</i> thy story,<br/>But the whole.<br/>Worlds on worlds are<br/>hanging<br/>On His hand,<br/>Life and death are waiting<br/>His command;<br/>Yet His tender bosom<br/>Makes <i>thee</i> room—<br/>Oh, come home!</p> |
|--|---|---|

No. 29.

# Let the Lower Lights be Burning.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in Heaven."—MATT. v. 16.

1. Bright - ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy From His light-house e - ver -  
 2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an - gry bil-lo-ers  
 3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my bro-ther: Some poor sea - man tem-pest -

more, But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a-long the shore.  
 roar; Ea - ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a-long the shore.  
 tost, Try - ing now to make the har bour, In the darkness *may be lost.*

## CHORUS.

Let the low - er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wave! Some poor

faint - ing, struggling sea-man You may res-cue, you may save.



No. 30.

# One more Day's Work for Jesus.

"I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day."—JOHN ix. 4.

1. One more day's work for Je - sus ; One less of earth for me ! But heaven is  
2. One more day's work for Je - sus ; How glo - rious is my King ! 'Tis joy, not

near-er, And Christ is dearer, Than yes - ter-day to me ; His love and  
du - ty, To speak His beauty ; My soul mounts on the wing At the mere

## CHORUS.

light Fill all my soul to-night. One more day's work for Je - sus, One more day's work for  
thought How Christ my life has bought.

Je - sus, One more day's work for Je - sus, One less of earth for me.

3. One more day's work for Jesus ;  
How sweet the work has been,  
To tell the story,  
To show the glory,  
When Christ's flock enter in  
How it did shine  
In this poor heart of mine !

4. One more day's work for Jesus—  
Oh yes, a weary day ;  
But heaven shines clearer,  
And rest comes nearer,  
At each step of the way ;  
And Christ in all—  
Before His face I fall !

5. Oh, blessed work for Jesus !  
Oh, rest at Jesus' feet !  
There toil seems pleasure,  
My wants are treasure,  
And pain for Him is sweet.  
Lord, if I may,  
I'll serve another day !

# No. 31. Yet There is Room.

Words by Dr. HORATIUS BONAR ; written expressly for this work.

*Slow, with expression.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff with treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: '1. Yet there is room! The Lamb's bright hall of song, With its fair glo - ry, beck - ons thee a - long : Room, room, still room ! Oh, en - ter, en - ter now !'

2. Day is declining, and the sun is low ;  
The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go :  
Room, room, still room ! oh enter, enter now !
3. The bridal hall is filling for the feast ;  
Pass in, pass in, and be the Bridegroom's guest :  
Room, room, still room ! oh enter, enter now !
4. It fills, it fills, that hall of jubilee !  
Make haste, make haste ; 'tis not too full for thee :  
Room, room, still room ! oh enter, enter now !
5. Yet there is room ! Still open stands the gate,  
The gate of love ; it is not yet too late :  
Room, room, still room ! oh enter, enter now !
6. Pass in, pass in ! That banquet is for thee ;  
That cup of everlasting love is free :  
Room, room, still room ! oh enter, enter now !
7. All heaven is there, all joy ! Go in, go in ;  
The angels beckon thee the prize to win :  
Room, room, still room ! oh, enter, enter now !
8. Louder and sweeter sounds the loving call ;  
Come lingerer, come ; enter that festal hall :  
Room, room, still room ! oh enter, enter now !
9. Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom ;  
Then the last, low, long cry ;—" No room, no room !"  
No room, no room :—oh, woful cry, " No room !"

# No. 32. There is Life for a Look.

"It shall come to pass that every one . . . when he looketh upon it shall live." NUM. xxi. 8.

"Look unto Me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." ISAIAH xlv. 22.

1. There is life for a look at the Cru - ci - fied One, There is

life at this moment for thee; Then look, sinner, look un-to Him and be saved, Unto

REFRAIN.

Him who was nailed to the tree. Look ! look ! look and live ! There is

life for a look at the Crucified One, There is life at this mo-ment for thee.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2. Oh, why was He there as the Bearer of sin,<br/>If on Jesus thy guilt was not laid?<br/>Oh why from His side flowed the sin-cleansing blood,<br/>If His dying thy debt has not paid?</p> <p>3. It is not thy tears of repentance or prayers,<br/>But the <i>Blood</i>, that atones for the soul;<br/>On Him, then, who shed it, thou mayest at once<br/>Thy weight of iniquities roll.</p> | <p>4. Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has declared<br/>There remaineth no more to be done;<br/>That once in the end of the world He appeared,<br/>And completed the work He begun.</p> <p>5. Then take with rejoicing from Jesus at once<br/>The life everlasting He gives;<br/>And know with assurance thou never canst die<br/>Since Jesus, thy righteousness, lives.</p> |
|---|---|

## No. 33. Only an Armour-Bearer.

"His armour-bearer said unto him, Do all that is in thine heart; turn thee; behold, I am with thee according to thy heart."—1 SAM. xiv. 7.

1. On - ly an ar-mour-bear-er, firm - ly I stand, Wait - ing to

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time. The middle and bottom staves are the piano accompaniment, with the middle staff in treble clef and the bottom staff in bass clef.

fol-low at the King's com-mand; March-ing, if "Onward" shall the

The second system continues the vocal and piano parts from the first system.

or - der be, Standing by my Cap - tain, serv-ing faith - ful - ly.

The third system concludes the main body of the song.

### CHORUS.

Hear ye the bat-tle cry! "Forward," the call! See! see the faltering ones!

The chorus is written in a more rhythmic style, with a piano accompaniment that features a steady eighth-note pattern in the bass line.



No. 33—*continued.*ONLY AN ARMOUR-BEARER—*continued.*

back-ward they fall. Sure - ly my Cap-tain will re - mem - ber me,

Tho' but an armour-bear-er I may be. Sure - ly my Cap-tain will re -

- mem - ber me, Tho' but an ar-mour-bear-er I may be.

2. Only an armour-bearer, now in the field,  
Guarding a shining helmet, sword, and shield,  
Waiting to hear the thrilling battle-cry,  
Ready then to answer, "Master, here am I."

Hear ye, &c.

3. Only an armour-bearer, yet may I share  
Glory immortal, and a bright crown wear:  
If, in the battle, to my trust I'm true,  
Mine shall be the honours in the Grand Review.

Hear ye, &c.

## No. 34.

## Nothing but Leaves.

"And when He came to it He found nothing but leaves."—MARK xi. 13.

1. Nothing but leaves! The Spi-rit grieves O - ver a wast - ed life; O'er

sins indulged while conscience slept, O'er vows and pro - mi - ses unkept, And

reaps from years of strife— Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!

2. Nothing but leaves! No gathered sheaves,  
Of life's fair ripening grain :  
We sow our seeds ; lo, tares and weeds,  
Words, *idle* words for earnest deeds,  
We reap with toil and pain,—  
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!
3. Nothing but leaves! Sad memory weaves  
No veil to hide the past :  
And as we trace our weary way,  
Counting each lost and misspent day  
Sadly we find at last—  
Nothing but leaves, nothing but leaves.
4. Ah, who shall thus the Master meet,  
Bearing but withered leaves?  
Ah, who shall at the Saviour's feet,  
Before the awful judgment-seat  
Lay down, for golden sheaves,  
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

No. 35.

## Whiter than Snow.

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."—PSALM li. 7.

x. { Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole, } Break down ev' - ry  
I want thee for e - ver to live in my soul ;

i - dol, cast out ev' - ry foe ; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

## CHORUS.

Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow ; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

2.

Lord Jesus, let nothing unholy remain,  
Apply Thine own blood and extract every stain ;  
To get this blest cleansing I all things forego ;  
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

3.

Lord Jesus, look down from Thy throne in the skies,  
And help me to make a complete sacrifice ;  
I give up myself, and whatever I know :  
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4.

Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,  
I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet ;  
By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow :  
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

5.

Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait ;  
Come now, and within me a new heart create.  
To those who have sought Thee Thou never saidst No :  
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

## No. 36.

## Joy in Sorrow.

"Your sorrow shall be turned into joy."—JOHN xvi. 20.

1. I've found a joy in sor - row, A se - cret balm for pain, A  
2. I've found a glad ho - san - nah For ev' - ry woe and wail, A

beau - ti - ful to - mor - row Of sun - shine af - ter rain ; I've  
hand - ful of sweet man - na When grapes of Es - chol fail ; I've

found a branch of heal - ing Near ev' - ry bit - ter spring, A  
found a Rock of A - ges When de - sert wells are dry ; And,

whispered pro - mise steal - ing O'er ev' - ry bro - ken string, A  
af - ter wea - ry sta - ges, I've found an E - lim nigh, And,

whispered pro - mise steal - ing O'er ev' - ry bro - ken string.  
af - ter wea - ry sta - ges, I've found an E - lim nigh.



No. 36—*continued.*JOY IN SORROW—*continued.*

3. An Elim with its coolness,  
Its fountains and its shade;  
A blessing in its fulness,  
When buds of promise fade.  
O'er tears of soft contrition  
I've seen a rainbow light;  
A glory and fruition  
So near!—yet out of sight.

4. My Saviour, Thee possessing,  
I have the joy, the balm,  
The healing and the blessing,  
The sunshine and the psalm;  
The promise for the fearful,  
The Elim for the faint;  
The rainbow for the tearful,  
The glory for the saint!

## No. 37.

## Rescue the Perishing.

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled."—LUKE xiv. 23.

I. { Res - cue the perishing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pi - ty from  
Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en, Tell them of Je - sus the

1st time. 2nd time. CHORUS.  
sin and the grave; migh - ty to save. } Res - cue the per - ish - ing,

Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

2. Though they are slighting Him,  
Still He is waiting,  
Waiting the penitent child to receive.  
Plead with them earnestly,  
Plead with them gently:  
He will forgive if they only believe.

3. Down in the human heart,  
Crushed by the tempter,  
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore:

Touched by a loving heart,  
Wakened by kindness, [more.  
Chords that were broken will vibrate once

4. Rescue the perishing,  
Duty demands it; [provide:  
Strength for thy labour the Lord will  
Back to the narrow way  
Patiently win them;  
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

## No. 38.

## Wondrous Love.

"God so loved the world."—JOHN iii. 16.

1. God loved the world of sin - ners lost And ru - ined by the

fall; Sal - va - tion full, at high - est cost, He of - fers free to all.

CHORUS.

Oh, 'twas love, 'twas won - drous love! The love of God to me; It

brought my Sa - viour from a - bove, To die on Cal - va - ry.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2. E'en now by faith I claim Him mine,<br/>The risen Son of God;<br/>Redemption by His death I find,<br/>And cleansing through the blood.</p> <p>3. Love brings the glorious fulness in,<br/>And to His saints makes known<br/>The blessed rest from inbred sin,<br/>Through faith in Christ alone.</p> | <p>4. Believing souls, rejoicing go;<br/>There shall to you be given<br/>A glorious foretaste, here below,<br/>Of endless life in heaven.</p> <p>5. Of victory now o'er Satan's power<br/>Let all the ransomed sing,<br/>And triumph in the dying hour<br/>Through Christ the Lord our King.</p> |
|--|--|

# No. 39. King the Bells of Heaven.

"There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."—LUKE XV. 10.

*Joyfully.*

Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day, For a soul re-turn-ing from the

wild: See! the Father meets him out up-on the way, Welcoming His wea-ry wand'ring child.

CHORUS.

Glo-ry! glo-ry! how the an-gels sing; Glo-ry! glo-ry how the loud harps ring;

'Tis the ransom'd ar-my, like a migh-ty sea, Peal-ing forth the an-them of the free.

2.

Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day,  
For the wanderer now is reconciled;  
Yes, a soul is rescued from his sinful way,  
And is born anew a ransomed child.

3.

Ring the bells of heaven! spread the feast to-day,  
Angels, swell the glad triumphant strain!  
Tell the joyful tidings! bear it far away!  
For a precious soul is born again.

# No. 40. I Know He Is Mine.

"My Beloved is mine, and I am His."—SONG OF SOLOMON ii. 16.

i. A long time I wan - dered in dark-ness and sin, And

wondered if e - ver the light would shine in; I heard Christian

friends speak of rap-tures di-vine, And I wished—how I wished—that their

## CHORUS.

Sa-viour were mine. I wished He were mine, yes, I wished He were

mine; I wished—how I wished—that their Sa - viour were mine.



## I KNOW HE IS MINE—continued.

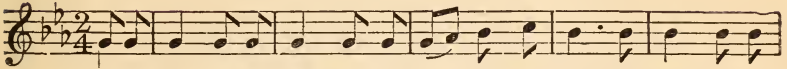
2. I heard the glad gospel of "good will to men ;"  
I read "WHOSOEVER" again and again ;  
I said to my soul, " Can that promise be thine ?"  
And then began *hoping* that Jesus was mine.  
I *hoped* He was mine, yes, I *hoped* He was mine,  
And then began *hoping* that Jesus was mine
3. Oh, mercy surprising ! He saves even me !  
" Thy portion, for ever," He says, " will I be ;"  
On His word I am resting—assurance divine—  
I am " *hoping*" no longer, I *know* He is mine.  
I *know* He is mine, yes, I *know* He is mine,  
I'm *hoping* no longer,—I **KNOW** He is mine.

## No. 41.

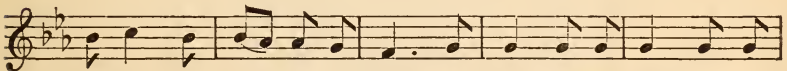
## Mary Magdalen.

"He said unto her, Thy sins are forgiven."—LUKE vii. 48.

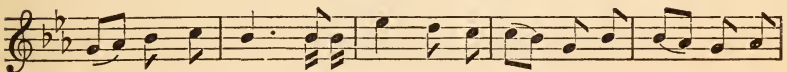
SOLO.



1. To the hall of the feast came the sin - ful and fair ; She heard in the
2. The frown and the mur - mur went round thro' them all, That one so un -



- ci - ty that Je - sus was there ; Un - heed - ing the splen - dour that  
- hallowed should tread in that hall ; And some said the poor would be



- blazed on the board, She si - lent - ly knelt at the feet of the  
ob - jects more meet, As the wealth of her per - fume she showered on His



- Lord, She si - lent - ly knelt at the feet of the Lord.  
feet, As the wealth of her per - fume she shower'd on His feet.

3. She heard but the Saviour ; she spoke but with sighs ;  
She dared not look up to the heaven of His eyes ;  
And the hot tears gushed forth at each heave of her breast,  
As her lips to His sandals were throbbingly pressed.
4. In the sky, after tempest, as shineth the bow,  
In the glance of the sunbeam as melteth the snow,  
He looked on that lost one : her " sins were forgiven,"  
And Mary went forth in the beauty of heaven.

## No. 42.

## What Shall the Harvest Be?

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—GAL. vi. 7.

1. Sowing the seed by the daylight fair, Sowing the seed by the noon-day glare,  
 2. Sowing the seed by the wayside high, Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,  
 3. Sowing the seed of a lingering pain, Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,

Sow-ing the seed by the fad-ing light, Sowing the seed in the solemn night :  
 Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil, Sowing the seed in the fer-tile soil :  
 Sow-ing the seed of a tarnished name, Sowing the seed of e-ter-nal shame :

Oh, what shall the har-vest be? . . . Oh, what shall the harvest be? . . .

## No. 42—continued.

## WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?—continued.

## CHORUS.

Sown . . . in the dark - - - ness or sown . . . in the

Sown in the darkness or sown in the light, Sown in the darkness or

light, . . . Sown . . . in our weak - - - ness or

sown in the light, Sown in our weakness or sown in our might,

sown . . . in our might, . . . Gath - ered in time or e -

Sown in our weakness or sown in our might, Gath - ered in time or e -

- ter - ni - ty, Sure, ah, sure will the har - - - vest be. . .

- ter - ni - ty, Sure, ah, sure will the har - - - vest, harvest be.

4. Sowing the seed with an aching heart  
 Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start,  
 Sowing in hope till the reapers come  
 Gladly to gather the harvest home :  
 Oh, what shall the harvest be ?  
 Oh, what shall the harvest be ?

# No. 43: The Ninety and Nine.

"Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep that was lost."—LUKE xv. 6.

1. There were nine-ty and nine that safe-ly lay In the shel-ter of the  
fold, But one was out on the hills a-way, Far off from the gates of  
gold. A-way on the mountains wild and bare, A-way from the ten-der  
Shep-herd's care, A-way from the ten-der Shep-herd's care.

2.

"Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine;  
Are they not enough for Thee?"  
But the Shepherd made answer: "This of  
Has wandered away from me; [mine  
And although the road be rough and steep  
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

3.

But none of the ransomed ever knew  
How deep were the waters crossed;  
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord  
passed through  
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.  
Out in the desert He heard its cry—  
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

4.

"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all  
the way  
That mark out the mountain's track?"  
"They were shed for one who had gone  
astray  
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."  
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and  
torn?" [thorn."  
"They are pierced to-night by many a

5.

And all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven,  
And up from the rocky steep,  
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,  
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"  
And the angels echoed around the throne,  
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His  
own!"



## No. 44.

## Substitution.

"He was wounded for our transgressions."—ISAIAH liii. 5.

*Slow.*

*By Permission.*

1. O Christ, what burdens bowed Thy head! Our load was laid on Thee; Thou  
2. Death and the curse were in our cup—O Christ, 'twas full for Thee! But

stood - est in the sin - ner's stead, Didst bear all ill for me. A  
Thou hast drained the last dark drop—'Tis emp - ty now for me. That

Vic - tim led, Thy blood was shed; Now there's no load for me.  
bit - ter cup—love drank it up; Now blessings' draught for me.

3.

Jehovah lifted up His rod—  
O Christ, it fell on Thee!  
Thou wast sore stricken of Thy God;  
There's not one stroke for me.  
Thy tears, Thy blood, beneath it flowed;  
Thy bruising healeth me.

4.

The tempest's awful voice was heard—  
O Christ, it broke on Thee!  
Thy open bosom was my ward,  
It braved the storm for me.  
Thy form was scarred, Thy visage marred;  
Now cloudless peace for me.

5.

Jehovah bade His sword awake—  
O Christ, it woke 'gainst Thee!  
Thy blood the flaming blade must slake;  
Thy heart its sheath must be—  
All for my sake, my peace to make;  
Now sleeps that sword for me.

6.

For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,  
And I have died in Thee;  
Thou'rt risen: my bands are all untied,  
And now Thou liv'st in me.  
When purified, made white, and tried,  
Thy GLORY then for me!

No. 45.

## There Is a Fountain.

"A Fountain opened for sin."—ZECH. xiii. 1.

1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,  
2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his way;

And sin-ners plunged be-neath that flood Lose all their guil-ty stains,  
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way,

Lose all their guil-ty stains, Lose all their guil-ty stains;  
Wash all my sins a-way, Wash all my sins a-way;

And sin-ners plunged be-neath that flood Lose all their guil-ty stains.  
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.

3.

E'er since by faith I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme  
And shall be till I die.

4.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song  
I'll sing Thy power to save, [tongue  
When this poor, lisping, stammering  
Lies silent in the grave.

# No. 46. The Home over There.

"Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest."—PSALM lv. 6.

1. Oh, think of the home o-ver there, By the side of the ri-ver of light, Where the  
2. Oh, think of the friends over there, Who before us the journey have trod, Of the  
over there,

saints, all immor-tal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white, over there.  
songs that they breathe on the air, In their home in the pa-lace of God, over there  
over there.

REFRAIN.

Over there, o-ver there, Oh, think of the home over there, over there; Over  
Over there, o-ver there, Oh, think of the friends over there, over there; Over  
over there, over there, over there,

there, o-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, Oh, think of the home o-ver there,  
there, o-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, Oh, think of the friends o-ver there.  
o-ver there,

3.  
My Saviour is now over there,  
There my kindred and friends are at rest;  
Then away from my sorrow and care,  
Let me fly to the land of the blest.  
Over there, over there,  
My Saviour is now over there.

4.  
I'll soon be at home over there,  
For the end of my journey I see;  
Many dear to my heart, over there,  
Are watching and waiting for me.  
Over there, over there,  
I'll soon be at home over there.

No. 47.

# Oh, Sing of His Mighty Love.

"Mighty to save."—ISAIAH lxiii. 1.

Oh, bliss of the pu - ri - fied, bliss of the free, I plunge in the  
O'er sin and un-clean-ness ex - ult - ing I stand, And point to the

CHORUS.

crim - son tide o - pen'd for me; } Oh, sing of His migh - ty love,  
print of the nails in his hand.

Sing of His migh - ty love, Sing of His mighty love, Mighty to save.

2.

Oh, bliss of the purified ! Jesus is mine,  
No longer in dread-condemnation I pine ;  
In conscious salvation I sing of His grace,  
Who lifeth upon me the light of His face.

*Chorus.*

3.

Oh, bliss of the purified ! bliss of the pure !  
No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure ;  
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,  
No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast.

*Chorus.*

4.

O Jesus the crucified ! Thee will I sing,  
My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King ;  
My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave,  
And triumph in death in the "Mighty to Save."

*Chorus.*



# No. 48. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

"Evening, and morning, and at noon will I pray."—PSALM iv. 14.

*Slow.*

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a  
D.C. And oft es-caped the temp-ter's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet

world of care, And bids me at my Fa - ther's throne Make  
hour of prayer, And oft es-caped the temp - ter's snare, By

FINE.

all thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer! In sea - sons of dis -

tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief; D.C.

2.

3.

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!  
Thy wings shall my petition bear  
To Him whose truth and faithfulness  
Engage the waiting soul to bless.  
And since He bids me seek His face,  
Believe His word, and trust His grace,  
I'll cast on Him my every care  
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer:  
May I thy consolation share,  
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,  
I view my home and take my flight:  
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise  
To seize the everlasting prize;  
And shout, while passing through the air,  
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

No. 49.

## The Great Physician.

"Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there."—JER. viii. 22.

*p*

1. The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thi - zing

*p*

Je - sus, He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of

CHORUS.

Je - sus Sweet-est note in se - raph song, Sweet-est name on

*pp*

mor-tal tongue, Sweetest ca - rol e - ver sung, Je - sus, bles-sed Je - sus

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2. Your many sins are all forgiven,<br/>Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;<br/>Go on your way in peace to heaven,<br/>And wear a crown with Jesus.</p> <p>3. All glory to the risen Lamb!<br/>I now believe in Jesus;<br/>I love the blessed Saviour's name,<br/>I love the name of Jesus.</p> <p>4. His name dispels my guilt and fear,<br/>No other name but Jesus;<br/>Oh, how my soul delights to hear<br/>The precious name of Jesus.</p> | <p>5. Come, brethren, help me sing His praise,<br/>Oh, praise the name of Jesus;<br/>Come, sisters, all your voices raise,<br/>Oh, bless the name of Jesus.</p> <p>6. The children too, both great and small,<br/>Who love the name of Jesus,<br/>May now accept the gracious call<br/>To work and live for Jesus.</p> <p>7. And when to the bright world above<br/>We rise to see our Jesus,<br/>We'll sing around the throne of love<br/>His name, the name of Jesus.</p> |
|---|---|

No. 50.

## The Valley of Blessing.

"Thou hast put gladness in my heart."—PSALM iv. 7.

I. I have en-tered the val-ley of bless-ing so sweet, And Je-sus a-

- bides with me there; And His Spi-rit and blood make my clean-sing com-

plete, And His per-fect love cast-eth out fear. Oh, come to this

CHORUS.

val-ley of blessing so sweet, Where Je-sus will ful-ness be-stow; And be-

- lieve, and re-ceive, and con-fess Him, That all His sal-va-tion may know.

2. There is peace in the valley of blessing so sweet,  
And plenty the land doth impart;  
And there's rest for the weary, worn traveller's feet,  
And joy for the sorrowing heart.
3. There is love in the valley of blessing so sweet,  
Such as none but the blood-washed may feel,  
When heaven comes down redeemed spirits to  
And Christ sets His covenant seal. [greet,

4. There's a song in the valley of blessing so sweet,  
And angels would fain join the strain,  
As with rapturous praises we bow at His feet,  
Crying, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain!"

# No. 51. I Love to Tell the Story.

*By Special Permission.*

r. I love to tell the Sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His

Glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His Love! I love to tell the Sto - ry! Be -

- - - cause I know it's true; It sa - tis - fies my longings, As nothing else would do.

CHORUS.

I love to tell the Sto - ry! 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry

To tell the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His Love:

I love to tell the Story!  
More wonderful it seems  
Than all the golden fancies  
Of all our golden dreams.  
I love to tell the Story:  
It did so much for me!  
And that is just the reason  
I tell it now to thee.

I love to tell the Story!  
'Tis pleasant to repeat  
What seems, each time I tell it,  
More wonderfully sweet.  
I love to tell the Story;  
For some have never heard  
The message of salvation  
From God's own Holy Word.

I love to tell the Story!  
For those who know it best  
Seem hungering and thirsting  
To hear it, like the rest.  
And when, in scenes of glory,  
I sing the New, New Song,  
'Twill be—the OLD, OLD STORY  
That I have loved so long.



No. 52.

## Almost Persuaded.

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."—Acts xxvi. 28.

1. "Al - most per - suad - ed" now to be - lieve ;  
2. "Al - most per - suad - ed," come, come to - day ;

"Al - most per - suad - ed" Christ to re - ceive ;  
"Al - most per - suad - ed," turn not a - way ;

Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spi - rit, go Thy way,  
Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are lingering near,

Some more con - ve - nient day On Thee I'll call."  
Prayers rise from hearts so dear : O wanderer, come!

3

"Almost persuaded," harvest is past !  
"Almost persuaded," doom comes at last !  
"Almost" cannot avail ;  
"Almost" is but to fail !  
Sad, sad, that bitter wail—  
"Almost—*but lost!*"

No. 53.

## All to Christ I Owe.

"Who His own self bare our sins."—I PETER ii. 24.

1. I hear the Sa- viour say, Thy strength in- deed is small;

Child of weak-ness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all.

CHORUS.

Je- sus paid it all, All to Him I owe;

Sin had left a crim-son stain: He washed it white as snow.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2. Lord, now indeed I find<br/>Thy power, and Thine alone,<br/>Can change the leper's spots,<br/>And melt the heart of stone.</p> <p>3. For nothing good have I<br/>Whereby Thy grace to claim—<br/>I'll wash my garment white<br/>In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.</p> | <p>4. When from my dying bed<br/>My ransomed soul shall rise,<br/>Then "Jesus paid it all"<br/>Shall rend the vaulted skies.</p> <p>5. And when before the throne<br/>I stand in Him complete,<br/>I'll lay my trophies down,<br/>All down at Jesus' feet.</p> |
|---|--|

## No. 54. I am Coming to the Cross.

"Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."—JOHN vi. 37.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind; I am  
 2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned with - in; Je - sus  
 3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earth - ly store; Soul and

CHO.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Blessed Lamb of Cal - va - ry; Humbly

count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find,  
 sweet - ly speaks to me,—"I will cleanse you from all sin."  
 bo - dy Thine to be, Whol - ly Thine for e - ver - more.

at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

4. In the promises I trust,  
 Now I know the blood applied;  
 I am prostrate in the dust,  
 I with Christ am crucified.

5. Jesus comes! We fill my soul!  
 Perfected in Him I am:  
 I am every whit made whole:  
 Glory, glory to the Lamb.

## No. 55. Angels Hovering Round.

1. There are an - gels hove - ring round, There are an - gels hove - ring round,  
 2 To carry the tid - ings home, To carry the tid - ings home,

There are an - - - gels, an - - - gels hove - ring round.  
 To car - - - ry the tid - ings, the hove - ring tid - ings home.

3. To the new Jerusalem,  
 To the new Jerusalem,  
 To the new, the new Jerusalem.

4. Poor sinners are coming home,  
 Poor sinners are coming home,  
 Poor sinners, sinners are coming home.

5. And Jesus bids them come,  
 And Jesus bids them come,  
 And Jesus, Jesus bids them come.

No. 56.

## Even Me.

"Bless me, even me also, O my Father."—GEN. xxvii. 32.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 6/4 time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a repeat sign at the end of the first line. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

1. { Lord, I hear of showers of blessing Thou art scattering full and free—  
Showers, the thirsty land re-fresh-ing; Let some droppings fall on me— }

E - ven me, E - ven me, Let some droppings fall on me.

2. Pass me not, O gracious Father !  
Sinful though my heart may be ;  
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather  
Let Thy mercy fall on me—Even me.
3. Pass me not, O tender Saviour !  
Let me love and cling to Thee ;  
I am longing for Thy favour ;  
Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me—  
[Even me.]
4. Pass me not, O mighty Spirit !  
Thou canst make the blind to see ;  
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,  
Speak the word of power to me—  
[Even me.]
5. Love of God, so pure and changeless ;  
Blood of Christ, so rich and free ;  
Grace of God, so strong and boundless;—  
Magnify them all in me—Even me.
6. Pass me not ! Thy lost one bringing,  
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee :  
While the streams of life are springing,  
Blessing others, oh, bless me—Even me.

No. 57.

## Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

"For Thy name's sake, lead me and guide me."—PSALM xxxi. 3.

1. Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land ;  
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,  
Hold me with Thy powerful hand :  
Bread of heaven,  
Feed me till I want no more.
2. Open now the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing waters flow ;  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey through :  
Strong Deliverer,  
Be Thou still my strength and shield.
3. When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside ;  
Bear me through the swelling current,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side :  
Songs of praises  
I will ever give to Thee.



# Washed in the Blood of the Lamb.

"I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb."—Rev. ALFRED COOKMAN.

*Joyfully.*

I. Who, who are these be - side the chil - ly wave, Just on the bor - ders

of the silent grave, Shouting Je - su's power to save, "Washed in the blood of the

CHORUS.

Lamb." "Sweep - ing thro' the gates" of the New Je - ru - sa - lem,

*1st time.* "Washed in the blood of the Lamb," . . . *2nd time.* "Washed in the blood of the Lamb." in the blood of the Lamb.

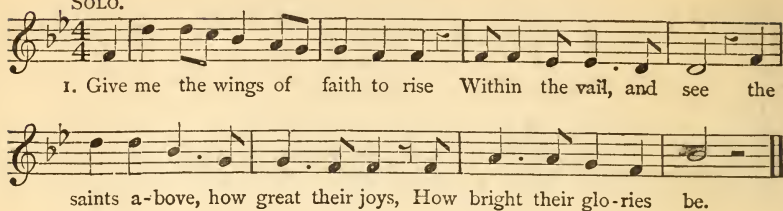
- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2. These, these are they who, in their youthful days, [ways Found Jesus early, and in wisdom's Proved the fulness of His grace, "Washed in the blood of the Lamb."</p> <p>3. These, these are they who, in affliction's woes, Ever have found in Jesus calm repose, Such as from a pure heart flows, "Washed in the blood of the Lamb."</p> | <p>4. These, these are they who, in the conflict dire, Boldly have stood amid the hottest fire; Jesus now says : "Come up higher." "Washed in the blood of the Lamb."</p> <p>5. Safe, safe upon the ever-shining shore, Sin, pain, and death, and sorrow, all are o'er ; Happy now and evermore, "Washed in the blood of the Lamb."</p> |
|--|---|

No. 59.

# Give me the Wings of Faith.

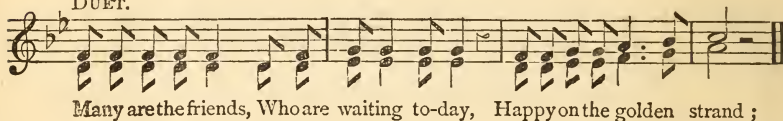
"Here have we no continuing city."—HEB. xiii. 14.

SOLO.



1. Give me the wings of faith to rise Within the veil, and see the  
saints a-bove, how great their joys, How bright their glo-ries be.

DUET.



Many are the friends, Who are waiting to-day, Happy on the golden strand ;

CHORUS.



Many are the voices Calling us away To join their glorious band ;

*Repeat Chorus. pp*


Calling us a-way, Calling us a-way, Calling to the bet-ter land.

2.

Once they were mourners here below  
And poured out cries and tears ;  
They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
With sins, and doubts, and fears.  
Many are the friends, &c.

3.

I asked them whence their victory came :  
They, with united breath,  
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,—  
Their triumph to His death.  
Many are the friends, &c.

## No. 60.

## The Higher Rock.

1. Lead me to the Rock that's high - er Than the rock poor self can show ;  
2. Yes, the High - er Rock, so towering, Gives a - mid life's rud - est storms,

Lead me to its per - fect Shel - ter, The Strong Tower from every foe.  
Per - fect re - fuge, sur - est safe - ty, Sweetest rest a - mid a - larms.

CHORUS.

In the High - er Rock I'm trust - ing, Rest - ful, peaceful, saved, and free ;

'Tis the test - ed Rock of A - ges, Its dear Shadow shelters me.

3. 'Tis the Higher Rock that gives me  
Faith's glad strength for every hour ;  
Oh to measure all its gladness,  
All its preciousness of power !

4. 'Tis the Higher Rock sustains me  
Joyously from day to day ;  
Lifting heart, and soul, and spirit,  
To the purer, holier way.

5. 'Tis the Higher Rock that saves me,  
'Tis the Higher Rock I've found ;  
Where abide the crowning graces,  
Faith and hope and love abound.

6. So will I sing praises to Thee,  
For Thy wondrous power to save ;  
Daily 'neath Thy Shadow resting,  
Till the victor's palm I wave.

## No. 61.

## Rock of Ages.

"The Lord is my defence, and my God is the rock of my refuge."—PSALM xciv. 22.

FINE.

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee ;  
 D.C. Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Save me from its guilt and power.

Let the wa-ter and the blood, From Thy ri-ven side which flowed,  
 D.C.

2. Not the labour of my hands  
 Can fulfil Thy law's demands ;  
 Could my zeal no respite know,  
 Could my tears for ever flow,  
 All for sin could not atone ;  
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3. Nothing in my hand I bring,  
 Simply to Thy cross I cling ;  
 Naked, come to Thee for dress,  
 Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;  
 Foul, I to the fountain fly,  
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4. While I draw this fleeting breath,  
 When mine eyes shall close in death,  
 When I soar to worlds unknown,  
 See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—  
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

## No. 62. Jesus, Lover of my Soul.

"The Lord will be a refuge in times of trouble."—PSALM ix. 9.

FINE.

1. { Je - sus, lo - ver of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, }  
 D.C. { While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the temp - est still is high ; }  
 Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.

Hide me, O my Sa - viour, hide. Till the storm of life is past ;  
 D.C.

2. Other refuge have I none,  
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee :  
 Leave, oh, leave me not alone,  
 Still support and comfort me.  
 All my trust on Thee is stayed  
 All my help from Thee I bring ;  
 Cover my defenceless head  
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;  
 More than all in Thee I find :  
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

Just and holy is Thy Name,  
 I am all' unrighteousness :  
 Vile, and full of sin I am,  
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

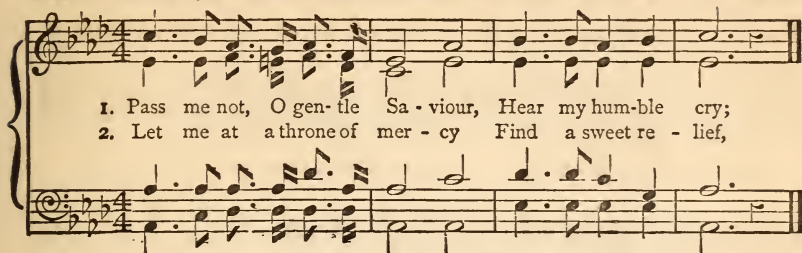
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found—  
 Grace to cover all my sin ;  
 Let the healing streams abound ;  
 Make me, keep me, pure within.  
 Thou of life the fountain art,  
 Freely let me take of Thee ;  
 Spring Thou up within my heart,  
 Rise to all eternity.



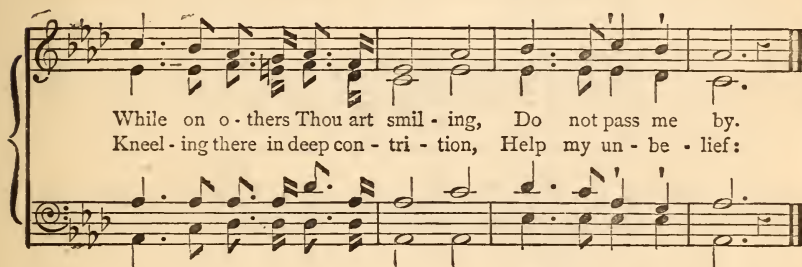
## No. 62A.

## Pass Me Not.

"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.—ACTS ii. 21; ROM. x. 13; JOEL ii. 32.

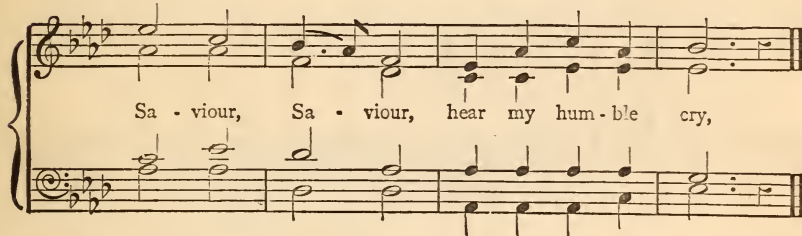


1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sa - viour, Hear my hum-ble cry;  
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief,

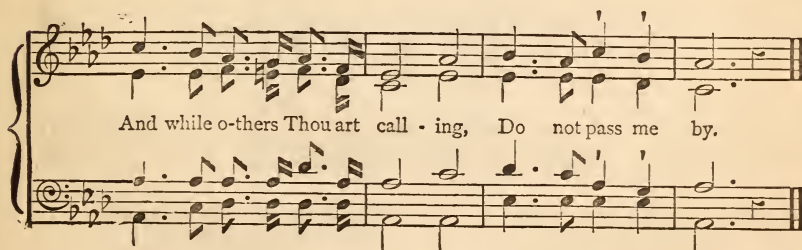


While on o - thers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.  
Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief:

## CHORUS.



Sa - viour, Sa - viour, hear my hum - ble cry,



And while o - thers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

3. Trusting only in Thy merit,  
Would I seek Thy face;  
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,  
Save me by Thy grace.

4. Thou the spring of all my comfort,  
More than life to me,  
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?  
Whom in Heaven but Thee?

No. 62B.

## Only Trust Him.

"Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; and ye shall find rest unto your souls."—MATT. xi. 29.

i. Come, eve - ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mer - cy with the Lord,

And He will sure - ly give you rest, By trust - ing in His word.

## CHORUS.

On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now;

He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.

2. For Jesus shed His precious blood  
Rich blessings to bestow;  
Plunge now into the crimson flood  
That washes white as snow.

3. Yes, Jesus is the truth, the way,  
That leads you into rest;  
Believe in Him without delay,  
And you are fully blest.

4. Come then, and join this holy band,  
And on to glory go,  
To dwell in that celestial land,  
Where joys immortal flow.

63

C.M.

- A** M I a soldier of the cross,  
A follower of the Lamb?  
And shall I fear to own His cause,  
Or blush to speak His name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease,  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?
- 4 Since I must fight if I would reign,  
Increase my courage, Lord;  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by Thy Word.

64

S.M.

- B**LEST be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love:  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne  
We pour our ardent prayers;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one—  
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,  
It gives us inward pain;  
But we shall still be joined in heart,  
And hope to meet again.

65

L.M.

- O** HAPPY day, that fixed my choice  
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its raptures all abroad.
- Happy day, happy day,  
When Jesus washed my sins away;  
He taught me how to watch and pray,  
And live rejoicing every day.  
Happy day, happy day,  
When Jesus washed my sins away.

- 2 **T**his done, the great transaction's done—  
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;  
He drew me, and I followed on,  
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

- 3 Now rest, my long-divided heart;  
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;  
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,  
With Him of every good possessed.

- 4 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,  
That vow renewed shall daily hear,  
Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
And bless in death a bond so dear.

66

P.M.

- W**ORK, for the night is coming;  
Work through the morning hours;  
Work, while the dew is sparkling;  
Work, 'mid springing flowers;  
Work, when the day grows brighter;  
Work in the glowing sun;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man's work is done.
- 2 Work, for the night is coming;  
Work through the sunny noon;  
Fill brightest hours with labour;  
Rest comes sure and soon.  
Give every flying minute  
Something to keep in store;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man works no more.
- 3 Work, for the night is coming,  
Under the sunset skies;  
While their bright tints are glowing,  
Work, for daylight flies.  
Work till the last beam fadeth,  
Fadeth to shine no more;  
Work while the night is darkening,  
When man's work is o'er.

67

L.M.

- J**UST as I am, without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
- 2 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
- 3 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve!  
Because Thy promise I believe,—  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
- 4 Just as I am—Thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down;  
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

68

S.M.

- G**RACE! 'tis a charming sound,  
Harmonious to the ear;  
Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 'Twas grace that wrote my name  
In life's eternal book;  
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,  
Who all my sorrows took.
- 3 Grace taught my wandering feet  
To tread the heavenly road,  
And new supplies each hour I meet  
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace taught my soul to pray,  
And made my eyes o'erflow;  
'Twas grace that kept me to this day,  
And will not let me go.
- 5 Oh, let that grace inspire  
My soul with strength divine!  
May all my powers to Thee aspire,  
And all my days be Thine.

69

P.M.

- T**HERE'S a beautiful land on high.  
To its glories I fain would fly, [crown,  
When by sorrow pressed down, I long for my  
In that beautiful land on high.
- In that beautiful land I'll be,  
From earth and its cares set free;  
My Jesus is there, He's gone to prepare  
A place in that land for me.
- 2 There's a beautiful land on high,  
And my kindred its bliss enjoy, [me,  
Methinks I now see how they're waiting for  
In that beautiful land on high.
- 3 There's a beautiful land on high,  
And though here I oft weep and sigh,  
My Jesus hath said that no tears shall be  
shed  
In that beautiful land on high.
- 4 There's a beautiful land on high,  
Where we never shall say "Good-bye,"  
When o'er the river we're happy for ever  
In that beautiful land on high.

70

8.7.

- S**HALL we gather at the river,  
Where bright angel feet have trod;  
With its crystal tide for ever  
Flowing by the throne of God?
- Yes, we'll gather at the river,  
The beautiful, beautiful river—  
Gather with the saints at the river  
That flows by the throne of God.

- 2 On the margin of the river,  
Washing up its silver spray,  
We will walk and worship ever,  
All the happy, golden day.
- 3 Ere we reach the shining river,  
Lay we every burden down;  
Grace our spirits will deliver,  
And provide a robe and crown.
- 4 At the shining of the river,  
Mirror of the Saviour's face,  
Saints whom death will never sever  
Raise their songs of saving grace.
- 5 Soon we'll reach the silver river,  
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;  
Soon our happy hearts will quiver  
With the melody of peace.

71

7's.

- J**ESUS loves me! this I know,  
For the Bible tells me so:  
Little ones to Him belong;  
They are weak, but He is strong.
- Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me,  
Yes, Jesus loves me, The Bible tells me so.
- 2 Jesus loves me! He who died,  
Heaven's gate to open wide;  
He will wash away my sin;  
Let His little child come in.
- 3 Jesus loves me! He will stay  
Close beside me all the way:  
If I love Him, when I die,  
He will take me home on high.

72

C.M.

- N**O condemnation!" O my soul,  
'Tis God that speaks the word;  
Perfect in comeliness art thou  
In Christ, thy risen Lord.
- 2 In heaven His blood for ever speaks  
In God the Father's ear:  
His Church, the jewels, on His heart  
Jesus will ever bear.
- 3 "No condemnation!" precious word!  
Consider ~~it~~, my soul;  
Thy sins were all on Jesus laid;  
His stripes have made me whole.
- 4 Teach us, O God, to fix our eyes  
On Christ, the spotless Lamb;  
So shall we love Thy gracious will,  
And glorify Thy name.



73

D.C.M.

- I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,  
 "Come unto me and rest;  
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
 Thy head upon my breast."  
 I came to Jesus as I was—  
 Weary, and worn, and sad;  
 I found in Him a resting-place,  
 And He has made me glad.
- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 "Behold I freely give  
 The living water—thirsty one,  
 Stoop down, and drink, and live."  
 I came to Jesus, and I drank  
 Of that life-giving stream;  
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
 And now I live in Him.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 "I am this dark world's light,  
 Look unto me thy morn shall rise,  
 And all thy day be bright."  
 I look'd to Jesus, and I found  
 In Him my Star, my Sun;  
 And in that light of life I'll walk  
 Till travelling days are done.

74

P.M.

- JESUS the water of life has given  
 Freely, freely, freely;  
 Jesus the water of life has given  
 Freely for every sinner;  
 Come to that fountain, oh, drink and live!  
 Freely, freely, freely;  
 Come to that fountain, oh, drink and live!  
 Flowing for every sinner.
- The Spirit and the Bride say, Come; freely, freely,  
 freely;  
 And he that is thirsty, let him come, and drink of  
 the water of life.  
 The fountain of life is flowing, flowing, freely  
 flowing;  
 The fountain of life is flowing, is flowing for you  
 and for me.
- 2 Jesus has promised a home in heaven,  
 Freely, freely, freely;  
 Jesus has promised a home in heaven,  
 Freely to those that love Him.  
 Treasures unfading will there be given  
 Freely, freely, freely;  
 Treasures unfading will there be given  
 Freely to those that love Him.
- 3 Jesus has promised a robe of white,  
 Kingdoms of glory, and crowns of light.
- 4 Jesus has promised eternal day,  
 Pleasures that never shall pass away.

75

- MY God, I have found the thrice blessed  
 ground, [fort abound.  
 Where life, and where joy, and true com-  
 Hallelujah, Thine the glory, Hallelujah, Amen.  
 Hallelujah, Thine the glory, revive us again.
- 2 'Tis found in the blood of Him who once  
 stood [God.  
 My refuge and safety, my surety with
- 3 He bore on the tree the sentence for me,  
 And now both the surety and sinner are  
 free.
- 4 Accepted I am in the once offered Lamb;  
 It was God who Himself had devised the  
 plan.
- 5 And though here below, 'mid sorrow and  
 woe,  
 My place is in heaven with Jesus, I know.
- 6 And this I shall find, for such is His mind,  
 "He'll not be in glory, and leave me be-  
 hind."
- 7 For soon He will come, and take me safe  
 home, [throne.  
 And make me to sit with Himself on His  
 Hallelujah, Thine the glory, Hallelujah, Amen.  
 Hallelujah, Thine the glory, revive us again.

76

6.4.

- TO-DAY the Saviour calls; ye wanderers,  
 come;  
 Oh, ye benighted souls, why longer roam?
- 2 To-day the Saviour calls; oh! listen now;  
 Within these sacred walls to Jesus bow.
- 3 To-day the Saviour calls; for refuge fly;  
 The storm of justice falls, and death is nigh.
- 4 The Spirit calls to-day; yield to His power;  
 Oh, grieve Him not away; 'tis mercy's  
 hour.

77 *Written by Dr. H. Bonar expressly  
 for this Book.*

P.M.

- REJOICE and be glad! The Redeemer  
 has come! [tomb.  
 Go look on His cradle, His cross, and His  
 Sound His praises, tell the Story, Of Him who was  
 slain;  
 Sound His praises, tell with gladness, He liveth  
 again.
- 2 Rejoice and be glad! It is sunshine at last!  
 The clouds have departed, the shadows  
 are past.

- 3 Rejoice and be glad ! For the blood hath  
been shed ; [paid.  
Redemption is finished, the price hath been
- 4 Rejoice and be glad ! Now the pardon is  
free ! [tree.  
The Just for the unjust has died on the
- 5 Rejoice and be glad ! For the Lamb that  
was slain  
O'er death is triumphant, and liveth again.
- 6 Rejoice and be glad ! For our King is on  
high,  
He pleadeth for us on His throne in the sky.
- 7 Rejoice and be glad ! For He cometh  
again ; [slain.  
He cometh in glory, the Lamb that was  
Sound His praises, tell the Story, Of Him who was  
slain ;  
Sound His praises, tell with gladness, He cometh  
again.

78 7-5.

**N**OTHING, either great or small,  
Nothing, sinner, no ;  
Jesus did it, did it all,  
Long, long ago.

"IT IS FINISHED!" Yes, indeed,  
Finished every jot.  
Sinner, this is all you need ;  
Tell me, is it not ?

- 2 When He from His lofty throne  
Stooped to do and die,  
Everything was fully done ;  
Hearken to His cry :
- 3 Weary, working, plodding one,  
Wherefore toil you so ?  
Cease your doing ; all was done  
Long, long ago.
- 4 Till to Jesus' work you cling  
By a simple faith,  
"Doing" is a deadly thing,  
"Doing" ends in death.
- 5 Cast your deadly "doing" down,  
Down at Jesus' feet ;  
Stand in Him, in Him alone,  
Gloriously complete !

79 C. M.

23RD PSALM.

**T**HE Lord's my Shepherd ; I'll not want.  
He makes me down to lie  
In pastures green ; He leadeth me  
The quiet waters by.

- 2 My soul He doth restore again ;  
And me to walk doth make  
Within the paths of righteousness,  
Ev'n for His own name's sake.

- 3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,  
Yet I will fear none ill ;  
For Thou art with me ; and Thy rod  
And staff me comfort still.
- 4 My table Thou hast furnished  
In presence of my foes ;  
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,  
And my cup overflows.
- 5 Goodness and mercy all my life  
Shall surely follow me ;  
And in God's house for evermore  
My dwelling place shall be.

80 C. M.

40TH PSALM.

**I** WAITED for the Lord my God,  
And patiently did bear ;  
At length to me He did incline  
My voice and cry to hear.

- 2 He took me from a fearful pit,  
And from the miry clay ;  
And on a rock he set my feet,  
Establishing my way.
- 3 He put a new song in my mouth,  
Our God to magnify :  
Many shall see it, and shall fear,  
And on the Lord rely.
- 4 Oh, blessed is the man whose trust  
Upon the Lord relies ;  
Respecting not the proud, nor such  
As turn aside to lies.

81 L. M.

100TH PSALM.

**A**LL people that on earth do dwell,  
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice ;  
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell ;  
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

- 2 Know that the Lord is God indeed ;  
Without our aid He did us make ;  
We are His flock, He doth us feed ;  
And for His sheep He doth us take.
- 3 O enter then His gates with praise,  
Approach with joy His courts unto ;  
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,  
For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why ? the Lord our God is good,  
His mercy is for ever sure ;  
His truth at all times firmly stood,  
And shall from age to age endure.

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